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PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

PUCK ON WHEELS

For the Summer of 1882.

PUCK ON WHEELS will be out and everywhere this week. It is the most hilarious epidemic extant. It is also infectious—that is, when one man sees it in the hands of another, he goes and catches a case of it for a quarter. When he catches it, he is immediately prostrated with joy, and has to be borne home to the bosom of his family on a palanquin. We don't like to compliment our unique little volume too highly in our own paper, but the truth always justifies itself. Therefore we take great pleasure in recommending it to the public as a Watering-Place Guide, a Preventive of Malaria, a Method of French Without a Master, and a New Way of Conciliating Old Creditors. Just look at the names, each one a deathless star in the everlasting firmament of literary fame:

V. Hugo Dusenbury, Captain Mandeville Blogun, Colin Clout, A. E. Watrous, H. C. Bunner, B. B. Valentine, R. K. Munkittrick, Walter Learned, John Valentine Rogers, R. N., Will Fuentes, T. O'Perr, G. H. Jessop, Jno. Smith's Son, Aged 42., Angelina L. Wick, A. H. Oakes, B. Rush, A. H. O., A. M., Robert Greening, W. J. Henderson, Rettop, David L. Proudfit, Chin Lan Pin, F. W. P., P. O'Hara, Tricotrin, &c., &c.

Gems of art which would make Mr. Ruskin lie down on the airy sward and kick in childish glee may be seen on any and every page. They are from the pencils of Messrs. Keppler, Gillam, Oppen, Graetz, Bunner and Harburger. Verbum sap, 25 cents.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We have from time to time touched the keys of our silver bugle and blown a clarion blast against the shameful sensational literature on which the children of this generation are fed; and the blast has found echoes from all parts of the country. The evil is sufficiently well-known. "The Young Scalp-taker" is in every school-boy's desk, and every office-boy steals twenty minutes out of his "half-hour for lunch" to give to the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly Rip-Tearer*. Not all the young readers, of course, equip themselves with cheap pistols and stolen carving-knives and go West after the elusive redskin. But all, or nearly all, if they go through a full course of this sort of reading, are pretty well spoiled for honest work and the courageous endeavor that is born of a worthy ambition.

But blood-and-thunder is not the only mischievous element in our juvenile literature. There is just as much trouble made, in another way, by milk-and-water. Of the two, we rather prefer the gore and brimstone mixture. It is openly and honestly vicious, and has the saving grace of a certain misdirected manliness about it. But there is nothing open or honest or manly about goody-goody books. They are an unmixed evil. They take all the incipient manhood out of a boy, and make him a prig and a milkop. They do not make a little Jesse James out of him; but they turn him into a self-satisfied, hypocritical, narrow-souled little Pharisee. One Sunday-school library—as Sunday-school libraries go now—has in it the potentialities of a huge crop of pious frauds, clergymen unfit for their vocation, defaulting cashiers of the pillar-of-the-church order, and all the rest of the whitewashed scamps which

our beloved country turns out in such rich profusion.

If the present generation of men has a right to condemn the books affected by the present generation of boys, it is because the present generation of men was brought up on a better sort of books. The wildest, the most "sensational" that the youngest of us ever cared for were Mayne Reid's earliest works. We began with a good sound basis of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights," and the "Swiss Family Robinson." We read Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper and Marryatt, and we were well satisfied—happier over those dear pages than we often are now over volumes of deeper thought. And our juniors were even in better luck, for they had these and "Tom Brown," and Baker's "Cast Up by the Sea," and Aldrich's "Bad Boy," and the wind of the breezy old centuries of action blew toward them when they opened the pages of "Amyas Leigh." Luckier yet are these children of today, who ground a healthy taste in literature on *St. Nicholas* and *Harper's Young People*, and then gratify it on work done for them by the best men of two nations—on such "children's books" as Lanier's "Boys' Mabinogion" and Ruskin's "Crystal Life." And yet the little devils turn from this feast to "The Juvenile Jesse James" or "Gentle Georgy"—blood-and-thunder or milk-and-water.

The periodical strikes are upon us. The laborers are taking their enforced holiday. The furnaces are out, the mills are closed and the machinery is idle. The heavily protected capitalist manufacturer coolly shrugs his shoulders. He knows very well that it cannot last long. He is rather glad than otherwise. When he balances his books at the end of the year he will find that he is not one dollar the worse off. The strike affords him an opportunity for rest and recreation. When it is over he will be able to dispose of his wares at higher prices, and the public and his workmen will be the only losers. Money will triumph as it has always triumphed.

A strike is really the only weapon in the hands of the honest workman; but it is not a strong weapon. Indeed, it is very frequently a dangerous one, for it recoils on himself. Suppose the strike to last two or three months, and the workman at the end of that time to obtain all that he demands. He is not one whit better off, for he is just so much money or time—which is the same thing—out of pocket. He has established a principle; but of what use is that? That principle may be upset the following year, and there will be some new principle in the relations between employer and employees to be established the following year. Take it any way you please, the workman always gets the worst of the contests in these struggles between capital and labor.

There is something wrong somewhere. Railroads, steamboats, telephones and all the brilliant scientific discoveries that are the boast of this nineteenth century have not ameliorated the condition of the mechanic. He is in much the same position as he was a hundred years ago. He must still live from hand to mouth, drag up his offspring, and often end his career by dying and being buried as a pauper. There ought to be few labor troubles in this country, which can support a population four or five times its present one. Protection to manufacturers, and the infamous character and conduct of the majority of the national and state legislators have much to do with these strikes; but the main cause is the monster Monopoly. The

monopolists have secured everything that is worth having, and the remaining portion of the population are their slaves.

The streets, the railways, the telegraphs and most of the land are in their hands. They have their own legislators, their own senators and their own private judges. How amusing it must be for them to watch the miserable laborer, in his efforts to obtain bread for his wife and children, climbing the pole which has been well lubricated with Monopoly grease. If he reaches the top and secures the bread, he may consider himself fortunate, for the higher luxuries, wine, tobacco and beef, are almost beyond his reach. Oh, yes, it is a very funny and exhilarating pastime for the arch-monopolists and our good friend Mr. Roach, the philanthropic ship builder. It is not extravagant wages that the workman wants, it is purchasing power with the wages he does earn.

Americans do not take a deep interest in the present state of things in Egypt; yet the situation is not difficult to understand. The British lion has practically the Egyptian Government and Egyptian commerce under its control, and yet the moment some of these hot-headed Oriental official rascals make a row the aforesaid king of the beasts seems to be perfectly beside himself with nervousness and fear. There have been British ministers who would, having full regard for treaty obligations with other powers, have made short work of the whole business. There would have been little talk about that sublime fiction, the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey. British troops would have restored order very very quickly. But it now looks as if the lion had grown old, had lost his false teeth and had become completely demoralized.

Now that college commencements are in order, and many young men are about to start out in the world and fill it with freshness, we desire to make a humble suggestion to the faculties of the various agricultural colleges throughout the country. It is not proper to confine the agricultural student wholly to the mysteries of beet-raising, because, although that will be a great benefit to him in the future, yet it does not arm him completely for the great battle of life. He should be taught to protect himself. In short, he should be schooled and made an adept in the great art of three-card-monte; for is not this the vile game which is played upon all ruralites to the tune of their entire portable wealth?

Yea, verily it is, and it may all be attributed to the melancholy fact that the faculties of our agricultural colleges will stubbornly persist in remaining blind to this important branch of polite learning. If the students were put through a simple and sensible curriculum in this department, which ought to be a part of agriculture, no Coney Island wizard could make them fancy they were wandering in the flowery mazes of an Arabian Night while he is getting their chronometers. They would understand the illusion at once, and be aware of the wholesome though unpoetic reality of the situation—which they would know to be less of an Arabian Night than a Long Island Day. But, come to think of it, a three-card-monte chair might be an extravagant addition to our agricultural halls of learning, because only a very small percentage of the graduates ever become farmers, or settle down to the simple manners and customs of pastoral life. As a class, they become baseball players, bar-tenders or pool-sellers, and never see a farm except from the windows of a railway train.

THE POOR RED.

Our esteemed war-map, the New York *Herald*, most cordially endorses General Terrell's proposed method of preventing that Western periodical pleasantries, known as the "Indian Outbreak."

The sinewy manner in which the journal mentioned above upholds the views of General Terrell on the great Western evil not only proves its implicit faith in his judgement, but also, in no small measure, justifies the grave suspicion that our famous chart-printing contemporary is fitting General Terrell out covertly, for the sake of the excitement which would naturally follow his success in treating the Indians. General Terrell claims that the Indians are wards of the government, and that, as they are supplied with provisions by the latter, it is not necessary for them to have fire-arms in their possession.

It seems that when the Indian has had a good substantial meal, he is actuated by a wild impulse to sally forth and shoot white men and women, in the wholesale destruction of whom he absolutely rejoices, while recognizing nothing which can be said to make anything like a decent approach to a game law.

Now, if the Indian would only lie down on the airy sward and sleep away all the time between meals, as any white man of proper instincts would cheerfully do if the government would only supply him with food, he would stand much higher in our estimation, and would not care to carry concealed weapons. It is said on eminent authority, we are given to understand, that the fewer arms and the more clothes Indians receive, the more civilized they become.

This is very gratifying, indeed, and proves clearly that the aborigine can never make the first step toward acquiring even the rudiments of the etiquette and manners of decent society until the government decides upon the abolition of fire-arms and the speedy introduction of swallow-tail coats on the reservation.

Now the question which arises is: how are the fire-arms to be taken from them?

They will not lay them down on demand, that is certain; and the obvious plan of sending a lot of Tammany politicians among them in their war paint and feathers to effect this result should be discontinued by all thinking people. For the Tammany braves would either join the reds on the reservation, or the latter would prove converts to the principles of Tammany—if Tammany have principles—and come on to New York and divide the political spoils and dishonors with the Irish.

The meeting of the two tribes would, no doubt, be a grand one—if they should go to battle; but in any case it would not redound much to the credit of temperance—that is, if the Indians of the West bear the slightest similarity to the Johnkelly braves.

It is not known what methods General Terrell is going to devise to secure the engines of death now in the hands of our red brethren, and we are therefore unable to improve on them for his benefit. But if he wants an original suggestion that may be worthy of his august attention, let him not fail to follow our advice, and have missionaries go among them with translations of "Beautiful Snow."

It is also urged that it would be a good idea to put them in the army when young and make soldiers of them; but this, we fear, would not meet their views of happiness, because there is altogether too much peace. In Hayti, where they have a revolution every evening at eight, and a Wednesday and Saturday matinée, our Indian would be in his glory. But we fear a cool and dispassionate view of the situation would not please the Indian's martial spirit. He would not like the idea of carrying a heavy

knapsack around, and cleaning his buttons, and drilling for hours every day, with a prospect of only one fight a year. He would rather fight all the time without any drilling. And then he wouldn't care to don a swallow-tail and go out to receptions when off on a furlough. Society would bore him, as no doubt it bores the average white man. We have great respect for our esteemed war-map, the *Herald*, and also for General Terrell; but, after all, we think the best way to treat the Indians would be to send out an army of taxidermists, and have them stuffed and sold at auction by the government, to dime museums, General Cesnola and the Bowery tobacconists.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

"QUI NON PROFICIT, DEFICIT."

"He recedes who don't advance,"

This old maxim true—

PUCK, non-partisan, free-lance

Now applies to you.

Well, you 've wielded pencil keen,

Warring for the right;

Now you strive to smirch the sheen

Of Masonry's pure light.

Though you limn your idle jeer,

You will fade away,

And, forgotten, many a year

Mingle with base clay,

While the noble craft we love,

Strong and pure and bright,

Shall for ages onward move

Earnest for the right.

E. A.

We have read with heartfelt glee

All your simple lay,

And we'll wager it's just the

Cheese for Masonray.

Had you given it more pith

Or a flowery glow,

'Twould not be in keeping with

Festive Masonrow.

But you made it spirited—

Like a thousand bricks

Sailed into us, be it said,

For your Masonrix.

And we like you for your grit—

Which is just like Puck's—

So we publish all you 've writ

Of your Masonrux.

ED. PUCK.

PERPETUAL PIE.

The *Christian Union* has just printed an article, by Susan H. Gilman, entitled: "Perpetual Pie," which opens with the query: "What is the mysterious connection between a religious paper and pie?" Susan, we give it up. We never edited a religious paper or ate a pie, and are therefore unable to give you the points which are requisite and necessary. We have read religious papers, though—in fact, we read them every week and enjoy them, too, and we feel disposed to think that they have no connection with pie whatever; if we thought they had, we should stop reading them, for pie is an abomination which should not be recognized, inasmuch as it is the captious syren that steals away the digestive organs, and is no one-horse mocker by quite a handsome majority. Selah!

Don't make such a noise!

There 's no bee in my bonnet;

You bust all my joys

If you make such a noise—

For I 'm one of the boys,

And I must write a sonnet—

Don't make any noise!

There 's no brick in my bonnet.

Puckeyings.

LIEUTENANT FLIPPER has been dismissed the service for embezzlement. How much better it might have been for him had he cut his ears!

THE PRINCESS LOUISE has arrived in Dr. Lorne's territory. It is now the time to look out for low-necked edicts.

WE HEAR of the Board of Police Private Minutes. From observation we find that most of the private minutes of the police are spent at the side-doors of gin-mills.

ANNA DICKINSON has now determined to do "Othello" next season. If she only knew her business, she could make more money than Bernhardt, by appearing as *Falstaff*.

THE AMERICAN NAVY present at the Egyptian troubles, to protect American interests, is carried in the vest pocket of the American consul, to be produced in case of emergency.

SENATOR BROWN, of Georgia, wants to provide every senator with a \$1,200 clerk. This is altogether too low a figure, considering the prices monopolists pay their senators and congressmen.

PERHAPS OUTSIDE of Mr. Francis P. Webb and the great monopolists, there is nobody in the country who could so well afford to lose \$600,000 at poker and faro as Congressman ex-Secretary Robeson.

IN THE interests of entomology, Mr. Bergh and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, we call attention to the rumor of the threatened shutting-up of Castle Garden. Are the legion of organisms that must remain there to remain unfed?

UNDER-SECRETARY DILKE, in the British House of Commons, stated that the riot in Alexandria, Egypt, in which a hundred people were killed, was not of a political character. This is equivalent to saying that it was not of a riotous character.

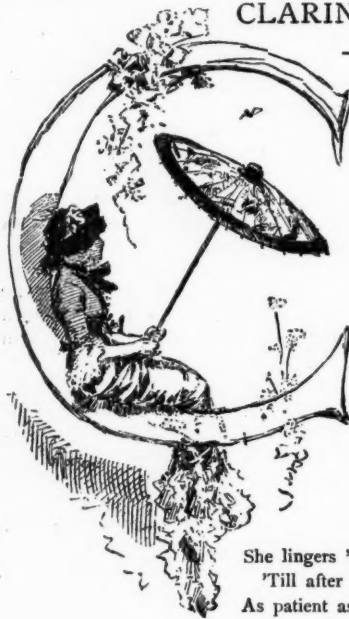
THE MAINE MEDICAL SOCIETY does not approve of the revised code of the New York State Medical Association, and still insists that keeping the score of the pulse for five minutes and giving the tongue an airing for half the time is worth five dollars.

THE VERDICT OF \$20,000 against the Third Avenue Horse Railroad Company for maiming a boy ought to be hailed with satisfaction by the Elevated Railroad Company. It is a foretaste of the damages they'll have to pay one of these fine days as a penalty for the non-adoption of the block system.

THERE IS ALWAYS ROOM on the top in all professions. One only has to be pre-eminent in the business of counterfeiting to be invariably released after arrest by the government. Mr. Brockway must look down with considerable contempt on the smaller gentlemen in the trade who are now languishing in jail.

MR. PRINCE BISMARCK said in the Berlin Legislature: "Look at the magnificent trade done by the United States with protective duties, which are much higher than ours." We suppose that Bismarck must have had all our magnificent trade on exhibition in the Reichstag building that the members might gaze at it.

CLARINDA WAITS.



CLARINDA WAITS—a pretty sketch—
And looks across the dell
To see Leander fondly fetch
The toothsome caramel.

The butterflies about her flit,
The bees around her wing;
Her style and make-up sweetly hit
The poet's dream of Spring.

She sees the woodland roses freight
The breeze with petals red;
She sees the horse-flies agitate
The taurine quadruped.

But still Leander doesn't haste
Through seas of bloom and scent;
Ah, marry, how she sighs to taste
The food of sentiment.

She lingers 'neath her parasol
'Till after five o'clock;
As patient as a waxen doll—
But, Gramercy! the rock

Is cold and damp—in fact, it 's wet—
And fills her soul with ills;
And on the coming week she 'll get
A lovely case of chills.

R. K. M.

HABIB, THE SON OF BEN-HILAC.

A SCHEHERAZADIAN STORY.

The Emir Ben-Hilac Salamis was chief of sixty-six tribes, had won renown in battle, was rolling in affluence, had a loving and faithful wife, and yet he was not entirely happy.

One thing was lacking to make his felicity complete.

This requisite was not a seat in Congress:

Nor a horse that could beat 2:13:

Nor a \$250,000 yacht:

Nor a personal visit from Oscar Wilde:

Nor his portrait in the illustrated papers:

Nor the ability to play "Hamlet":

Nor an appropriation of \$1,500,000 for a public building in Arabia.

Not any.

One of the foregoing at least is essential to the happiness of many people in this world, but Ben yearned for none of these.

He wanted a bald-headed baby of the male persuasion—a son to inherit his power, his glory, his name and his money.

He saw the sons of his friends making their mark in the world—winning champion billiard games, getting elected to the State Legislature, achieving fame in walking-matches, writing mule and mother-in-law jokes for the comic papers; and Ben-Hilac—well, he didn't envy them with deep and eradicable envy; but he thought that if he had a son he would show them a youth as beautiful as the evening star, as learned as the Koran, as famous as a popular prima-donna and as brave as an army with banners.

Salamis continued to address his prayers to the holy prophet, beseeching the priceless boon of a son to cheer his declining years; and at last his prayers were answered. Mrs. Salamis became the mother of a son, and Ben was happy. The child was the dearest, darlingest, sweetest, prettiest, loveliest baby in the kingdom. Its parents said so, and of course they were not prejudiced. And smart! Why, when only three weeks old it cried in three different languages—but its father only swore in one when he jumped out of bed at midnight to get the paregoric bottle.

Ben-Hilac summoned all the wise men—the astrologists—in the city and bade them inquire of the stars concerning the future of his son. These old frauds, after gazing at the skies a spell and looking wise, told Salamis that his son would be the greatest scholar and warrior the world ever saw, but never mortal passed through such dangers as he must meet.

"Can no means be employed to soften their severity?" asked the Emir.

"Prince," said the elder astrologist, who should have been given five years in Sing Sing for practising his charlatanism: "Prince, we assure you, the great planet and the seven around it did not appear in harmonious accord. They seemed to be holding a caucus; and one constellation contiguous to Cassiopeia collided with a no-tailed comet,

which caused a planet of the seventeenth magnitude, right declension, 17 min. 60 sec., to dash at the Pleiades in a manner that frightened Ursa Major, and the combat in the Milky Way was frightful."

"That settles it," said the Emir, with an air of resignation: "If it is so bad as that, my boy is going to have a dime-novel time of it; but as love and glory are at last to crown his toils we must not demur at fate."

The youthful Knight of Arabia was christened Habib. His grandmother wanted him named for his father; but the latter said he didn't want any more hyphenated cognomens in the family. The child's aunt, a young lady of a romantic turn, who affected sunflowers, and painted red white and blue dogs on plaques, desired that the babe be called Edmund Fitzclarence Augustus Decourcy St. Clair Salamis; but his father—sensible man—said he never knew such a name to become famous. And the heir was called Habib, because it was a short name to engrave on a visiting card, and would admit of the largest size type on a poster, in case he became a lecturer or tragedian.

Habib delighted his parents by cutting a tooth when only two months old, and before he reached the age of six months he began to talk. Instead of articulating such nonsense as "dada," "googoo," "mumum," etc., he conversed intelligently about the crisis in Egypt and the independent movement in Pennsylvania.

While other infants found enjoyment in a rubber rattle, a woolly dog, or a doll that would squeak dismally when its abdomen was pressed, Habib built imitation houses, mosques and temples with volumes of the Greek dictionary and Walt Whitman's poetry. His fancies, his sports, his choice of books all denoted that he possessed a giant intellect and would become one of the shining lights of the world, and make his parents' hearts thrill with happiness and pride.

When only seven years of age Habib gladdened the heart of his Sunday-school teacher and won a penny picture-book by memorizing forty-seven pages of the Koran, and the newspapers said that if he didn't get the brain fever and die, like all other abnormally smart children, it would be a marvel.

But he lived, and at the age of sixteen was sent to an American college to mould his character, develop his mind and fit him for the highest position in the land.

Habib made rapid progress in college, and at the expiration of four years he graduated with all the honors and returned home with his arm

TWO ENDS OF THE LINE.



I don't recognize him, my frent,
I ain't dot kindt of Shoo;
I own a shore, un' bay my rent,
Und make it bay me, too.
De besht of goots are on de shelef,
Bei Moses Cohen un' Co.—
Oh, I begun like him myselef—
Bot dot vas long ako.

I veard dot lovely di'mond pin;
My wife veards vot she like;
My son dot Sixty-Nint' is in—
Dey call him Sheeny Ike.
You bet zvei tollar un' a helef,
I'm Moses Cohen un' Co.—
Vell, I vas vonce like dot myselef—
But dot vas long ako.

in a sling, a piece of one ear gone, three front teeth missing, his nose badly bent and a limp in the off leg.

"Alas! alas!" cried Salamis and Mrs. Salamis in unison, welcoming their son affectionately: "the wise men read the stars aright. Fate has indeed been very cruel to our dear son. He looks as if he had attempted to encourage a slow fire by pouring coal-oil upon it. But, Allah be praised, love and glory now await him!"

When Habib had partaken of a bounteous repast, his father asked him to communicate to him some portion of the learning he had acquired.

"How do you stand in Anabasis and logarithms?" asked Ben-Hilac, looking admiringly upon his crippled son.

"Oh, shoot the Anabasis and the what-do-you-call-'ems," replied Habib, fondling his diamond scarf-pin: "they are N. G. Ask me something about base-ball. I'm away up head in that branch of study. See this mutilated ear? Hot ball did it."

Salamis adjusted his spectacles, and looked at his son with his eyes bristling with interrogation points.

"I—I—don't quite understand," stammered the Emir: "Base-ball must be a new science. But how are you in Pneumatics and in Moral Philosophy?"

"Don't mention 'em," said Habib, in a tone of disgust: "boat-racing is the thing. My average in sculling-matches is over 100. Beat 'em all. See this damaged nose? 'Nother fellow 'caught a crab,' and I caught his oar on the nasal organ."

Salamis looked dazed. There were no such studies as boat-racing and sculling-matches in the books when he went to college.

Again he queried:

"But, my son, you are proficient, of course, in Latin literature and also in Homer's Greek prose?"

"N-a-w!" drawled the heir: "Too much of a bore, you know. But in polo I am away up—can teach the professors. See this lame leg and crippled arm? Horse stumbled and fell upon me. But 'tis a glorious study."

The puzzled father looked more perplexed. If polo is a college study, it may be all right; but 'twas strange he had never heard of it.

"Well," he questioned again: "I suppose you have mastered Hydrostatics and Political Economy?"

"Not if the subscriber knows himself," answered the precocious son, stroking an invalid moustache: "Didn't fool much time on such business. More fun in foot-ball. Notice the cavity where once reposed three ivory molars?"

Was kicked in the mouth while deeply absorbed in a lesson in foot-ball."

Then Ben-Hilac Salamis looked at his son in a vague sort of manner, and went out in the yard to think.

"Great Scott!" he suddenly exclaimed, pausing in his walk: "do I dream, or—"

Then he again summoned his wise men, who had predicted such a brilliant future for his son, and with his own right arm severed their heads, one by one, with neatness and dispatch. After which he went down-town and secured for his son a position as clerk in an eating saloon—a position in which Habib's big diamond pin gave great satisfaction.

And old Salamis didn't address his prayers to the holy prophet for any more sons.

Moral. You can't always sometimes tell how a smart child will pan out.

J. H. WILLIAMS.

their stwength, agility and wunning capacity against othah specimens of male and youthful human nachah.

Considerable interwest was manifested in the result of several of the events, and there were wumahs that a champion wunnah named Myahs had been defeated in twying to be first in a two hundwed and twenty yards wace. I have weason to believe there were good gwounds faw the wumah, as I heard one of the aw stewards or judges wemark that the wecord had been beaten.*

A twial of speed between bicyclers afforded me considerable wecweation. The widers seemed to wush along like the wind and to enjoy the contest.

I gwinned a little at some of the tug-of-war stwuggles, and especially at some of the extw-ordinarwy antics of a wathah fat fellow, whom the cwowd called "Jumbo," aftah the twemen-

dous Bwritish elephant which was transported from the Zoö-logical Gardens in Wegent's Park, London, to Amerwicah.

I have not the slightest intention of descwibing, or of wefering to the details of ewerwything on the pwogwamme, but I cannot say that I was verwy much impressed by the whole affai-ah. It had, barwing the actual events themselves, nothing about it to make it attractive.

The attendance was tolerwably large; but both Jack and I aw we-marked that there were no flags or banners, or pwetty and varwiegated tents, or a bwass band or any descwip-

tion of musical instwument to thwow liveliness or hilarwity into the scene. So far as I could see there was not even a solitarwy stweamah. It was a mercenarwy, pwactical and discourwaging exhibition.

And then aw, even making allowances for the absence of bell-winging, as signals to get weady, the system of awarding pwizes, or wathah of not giving them at all, seems to me quite too awfully widiculous. I made something of an effort to find on what pwinciple they were distwibuted, but I don't think I discovered anything. The entwance-money is pwobably given to the victorwious athletes;* but I think it would be a decidedly bettah plan to have fixed pwizes in cups and money for good amounts, so that the wacers and the spectators can know what event is being contested and the sum that may be carwied off by the winnahs in the wace. This would be aw bettah than speaking of, faw pwizes, "handsome and superwi-ah gold medals" which may not be worth botherwing about aw.

* The Honorable Mr. Fitznoodle is slightly off his patrician base. The record was not beaten; and amateurs should not personally benefit by receipts of money in any form.

WHEN THE CROWNED HEADS DO THEIR OWN FIGHTING—



THEN WILL PEACE REIGN SUPREME.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXIX.
ATHLETICS.



where I had been persuaded to witness a base-ball match, which is a species of aw extremely inferwi-ah cwicket without the wunning or the stwiking.

On this day, howevah, there was a serwies of athletic sports, in which a considerable numbah of young fellaws half stwipped twied

Ya-as, once more I found myself undah the bwoad canopy of heaven, inhaling the Summah bweezes and dwinking in the fai-ah weathah with all the wedolent delights of the season. It was again on the Polo Gwound—the particulah enclosure

THE SUMMER-HOUSE ARTIST.

He had just moved into the neighborhood, and the longing of his heart was to build a summer-house on a knob at one end of his spacious estate, where the last rays of the setting sun lingered most fondly, and the goat nosed around in the early evening and tried to eat the lengthening shadows, under the mistaken impression that they were something indigestible.

Jones's yearn got to be known in the neighborhood; and one day a tired, warped, one-lung sort of citizen called on him and said:

"You want to have a summer-house built, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jones: "can you build one?"

"Can I build one?" repeated the mouldy citizen, looking up at the azure heavens: "can I build one? Well, I should wail. I was the first man in this country who ever took out a patent for improvements on the old style of summer-house. I invented the folding-seats that may be turned down when it rains. They are also so arranged that the old man can come up from behind and pull away the prop, and let the lovers down with a suddenness that shakes the romance right out of a passionate heart-throb."

"You must have had great experience in building summer-houses?"

"Experience? Experience, did you say? I have built summer-houses for every President since Madison. I built one for Andrew Jackson all out of hickory; and I built a white pine one for R. B. Hayes, and he deducted all the knot-holes from my bill. I didn't lose on it, however; I utilized those knot-holes in constructing another one for Samuel J. Tilden."

"You have had some very distinguished customers."

"Distinguished? My son, you are right. Last Summer I built a bomb-proof summer-house for the Czar of Russia, with a patent artesian-well drilling-machine in the centre of it, so that he could prospect the underground regions for Nihilist mines whenever he felt creepy."

"Well," said Jones: "that isn't exactly the kind of summer-house I want."

"No," returned the old man: "of course not. I know the kind of house you want. You want just such a house as I built for Victor Emmanuel in 1870—stained-glass sides and a tin roof—"

"No," Jones diffidently interrupted: "I don't think you've quite got my idea. I don't want any stained-glass—"

"No, no," broke in the mildewed party: "I see just what you're after. You want the kind of summer-house that poor old Louis Napoleon used to like—something neat and quiet, with ebony lattice-work, gilt on the inside, and the national colors worked into the frescos on the ceiling."

"I wasn't thinking of frescos," said Jones.

"No? Maybe you had your eye on some of the new æsthetic style of summer-houses—Queen Anne shape, with japanned tin sunflowers and lilies crawling all over it? They're good enough, I suppose; but gimme the kind of thing I built for Daniel Webster two years before he died—a Chinese pagoda, with little bells all round the roof, and Gothic doors with dragons onto 'em."

"It is a chaste design," said Jones: "but I am not Daniel Webster, and if he and I had happened to run together much, we should have been dragging out the dull remainder of our lives in desolate apartness, in the wake of a disagreement on this summer-house question. I want a plain, cheap, unvarnished, white-pine-and-green-paint summer-house with vines and a leak in the roof, just like everybody else. That's the kind of a democratic man-of-the-people I am."

"Well," observed the old man, reflectively: "I dunno, after all; but that's the best kind."

"All right," said Jones, brightening up: "what'll you charge me for it, and when can you build it?"

"Me?" inquired the aged stranger, opening his eyes.

"Yes."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Don't you want the job?"

"Oh, bless your soul, I ain't building summer-houses now. I've been out of the business for ten years. Didn't you know that?"

"Then what in—then what induced you to come around here and take the edge off my tympanum—"

"Why," the oxydized visitor went on, blandly smiling in a servile way: "I'm the man that owns the place next door. I ain't building summer-houses now. I just thought you might be a man with a soul for architecture, and I dropped round to have a little chat, artistic and familiar-like. Day-day."

Jones threw wide, and when the old man had crawled through the hole in the fence into his own place, he picked up the club and looked at it with infantile curiosity.

FROM GREENLAND's icy mountains

To India's coral strand,

And Gotham's soda fountains

And Coney's pleasant sand:

From Afric's sluggish rivers,

Where niggers bob for eels,

The newsman swift delivers

PUCK ON WHEELS!

—Adv.

EVERY LITTLE rural drug-store has a soda-water fount,

Which simply raises ructions with a fellow's bank account.

For he meets his girl at twilight, when he's coming home from biz,

And he has to sweetly ask her if she'd like to hear it fiz.

FREE LUNCH.

LARKIN, of the Metropolitan Nine, did not make—for a wonder—an error in a game last week. That's where base-ball and Larkin are ahead of proof-reading.

BROOM-DRILL HAS become very fashionable; but we don't think it will ever be fashionable enough to sweep away from their positions the gentlemen who are making such a nice thing of the Brooklyn Bridge.

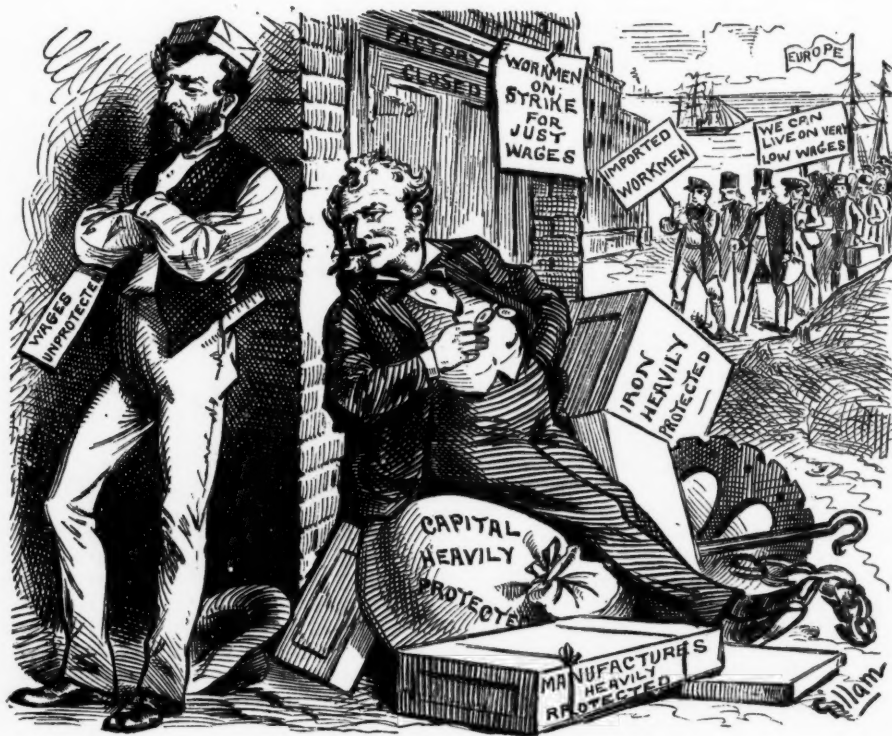
THE NORWEGIAN STORTHING, which is the Norwegian for Congress, has rejected the proposal to increase the allowance of the Crown Prince upon his marriage. The British House of Commons sadly needs Storthingizing.

IT IS NOW that the "old war horses" are waited upon by the farmers to deliver orations on hogs and pumpkins at the county fairs in the Fall, and they accept under the impression that they will receive the forthcoming nomination for governor and the agricultural support in the campaign.

BARBERS NOW LOUDLY CHANT the virtues of what they term an egg shampoo. The great beauty of the omelette shampoo is, that besides cleaning the head it soaks in and waxes nutritious. It is said to have been discovered by an actor.

A MAN MAY BE as sure-footed as a goat; but when he is standing up in a Broadway stage with an umbrella in one hand, and the other in the lining of an old vest trying to fish out a five-cent piece, and the stage lurching around so that at any moment he expects to be deposited in a corpulent lady's lap or sent head first through the door, then, oh, then does his sure-footedness avail him so little that he is worse off than when on skates for the first time.

A LESSON FOR THE WORKINGMAN.



ONE-SIDED PROTECTION.

BOSS:—"YOU ALWAYS PROTECT ME WITH YOUR VOTE. IF YOU REBEL AGAINST MY TERMS, THIS IS THE WAY I PAY YOU BACK!"

THE REAL PROGRAMME

[Published by PUCK Only,]

OF THE

ANNUAL POLICE PICNIC AND GAMES,

HELD AT HARLEM LAST WEEK,

With Full List of the Various Trials of Strength and Skill, and the Awards Appropriate to Each.

FIVE-MILE GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE—(off your beat.)	Permission to practise stone-concussion at Sing Sing.
WRESTLING—With Saloon-Keepers for Bribes.	1 months free lodging in a stone castle.
RUNNING LONG JUMP—Into Saloon Door	1 weeks dry waiting for pay.
BREAKING INTO CLUB HOUSE	1 years post graduate course at Auburn.
HEAT-RUNNING—After Blackmail.	2 years post graduate course at Auburn.
BASTINADO PRACTICE—On Soles of Sleeping Vagrants.	3 weeks communion with the immortal dead in the New York Tombs.
SLEEPING ON POST	Permanent opportunity to sleep.
SLOW-RACE—(After Criminals)	River excursion to Blackwell's Hotel.
HELPING PRETTY YOUNG LADIES across the Street	1 virtue-is-its-own-reward medal.
LEAVING PLAIN ONES TO CROSS BY THEMSELVES	10 days rest.
SPARRING—For Voluntary Contributions from Saloon-Keepers	3 months total abstinence from pay.
HALF-MILE RUN, (away from a fight.)	2 months vacation, without pay.
PISTOL-SHOOTING—Mark: Casual Passers-by.	1 pair Steel Bracelets.
WALKING—Around the Corner	30 days River Residence.
CLUB-PRACTICE: (open to all.)	
On Citizens' Heads	6 months retirement.
" " " with two clubs, drum tattoo style	12 months retirement.
" Children's Heads	2 years retirement.



AMUSEMENTS.

"La Belle Russe," at WALLACK'S, promises to display her beauty until far into the Summer.

Iced "Esmeralda" every evening at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. First performance took place September 5th, 1066, O. S.

A Hungarian Gipsy band, under the direction of Messrs. Farkus and Eszi, is the latest novelty at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.

At the STANDARD THEATRE "Patience" was revived on Monday last. Miss Dora Wiley, Mr. J. Howson and Mr. Digby Bell were announced to appear in it.

"The Mascot," at the GERMANIA THEATRE, must soon give way to "The Merry War," not because the public is tired of "The Mascot," but because the company feels that it would like a change.

Bamboo, the Kiralfys' elephant, sails from Calcutta next month, consigned to NIBLO'S GARDEN. He is to appear in "Around the World in Eighty Days," which is good time for an elephant.

Miss Ada Gray's performance of *Lady Isabel*, in "East Lynn," at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, was not calculated to suit the taste of metropolitan audiences, although country people apparently liked it enough to see it some two thousand times.

Mr. William Stafford, who is young and handsome, and may, perhaps, be the coming tragedian, is to be supported next season by a very strong company of recognized merit, which will include several well-known and popular actors and actresses.

September the first will be the day on which Miss Bertha Welby is to begin her starring tour in a new and remarkable play entitled, "One Woman's Life." Those who are to aid her in presenting the drama in its most attractive form are reported to be capable and clever.

And behold in these days Mary Anderson taketh unto herself a yacht, the name of which is the "Galatea," and the like whereof was never seen before. If this young lady intends making money next season—and the world thinks she does—she will have a whole fleet before June, 1883.

"Patience" appears to have obtained a new lease of

life at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. Miss Lillian Russell has taken most kindly to her part and with the public, and Miss Roche's *Lady Jane* is as good as it was ever wont to be. The scenery and chorus more than satisfy large and exacting audiences.

The METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR, formerly known as the Metropolitan Casino, opened for the season on Saturday night last. It is under the management of Mr. J. Fred. Zimmerman. There are a chorus of thirty, an orchestra of thirty, and a good ballet. The Alcazar ought to be an attractive place of amusement for those who are compelled to undergo a Summer's roasting in town. We shall give, in a future number, the reasons for this opinion.

Although the Court of Appeals, at Albany, has decided that a policeman has not the right to go upon the stage to the interruption of a performance, a knight of the locust has got there—this time in a play. John Mishler is the offender's name, and he can be seen nightly and at the Saturday matinees as "One of the Finest" at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, where Gus Williams is playing. With the permission of the Captain of the same name, PUCK will criticise him next week. Mr. Joseph Bradford is the author of the play, and a good company appears in it.

The Metropolitan Press, not being able to muster a complete eleven to have its revenge on the Thespians at cricket, availed itself of the services of some strong players of the Manhattan Cricket Club and met with a Waterloo on Tuesday last at PROSPECT PARK GROUND. It probably was as much a surprise for the victors as for the vanquished; but nothing could overcome the steadiness of the batting of H. Thomas and J. J. Eyre, who made 160 between them, the innings closing for 207 runs. Mr. Osmund Fearle and Mr. Lambkin bowled in a manner most destructive to the Press wickets. The practise of journalism is, apparently, not conducive to luck at cricket.

The "Villa Bohemia" is by Marie le Baron, and is offered to the public through Hochendoerfer & Urie, Publishers, of 200 Broadway. On the fly-leaf we learn that "our ideals are but the pretty handmaids of reality; they wait upon its coming." Our ideals waded through the "Villa Bohemia," and waited for the coming of a good story, which we failed to find. The book will not add much to the reputation of the author.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She has gone out of town.

S. LEWIS, Lynchburg.—Your communication arrives too late for notice this week. We will endeavor to preach a little sermon for you in our next issue.

F. MINOR.—There are too many consecutive fifths in your melodies, and there is a bad subcutaneous eleventh in the arpeggio of the third stanza that has sent your whole offering away down the chromatic scale into the waste-basket.

F. E. TISCH.—You may be a fetish; but you're not a Mascotte. Indulge in no delusions on that subject. You are a queer, sad, warped poet, and your verses come into an editorial office like a streak of bad luck into a honeymoon. Ta ta.

AMARANTH.—There are only two lines in your poem that are worth publishing. Here they are:

"The hardy Brit
Is full of grit."

We print these because we are in the pay of the British government, and it is getting about time for our quarterly collection.

J. A. W.—Your inquiry is interesting:

WILSONBURG, W. VA., June 19th, 1882.

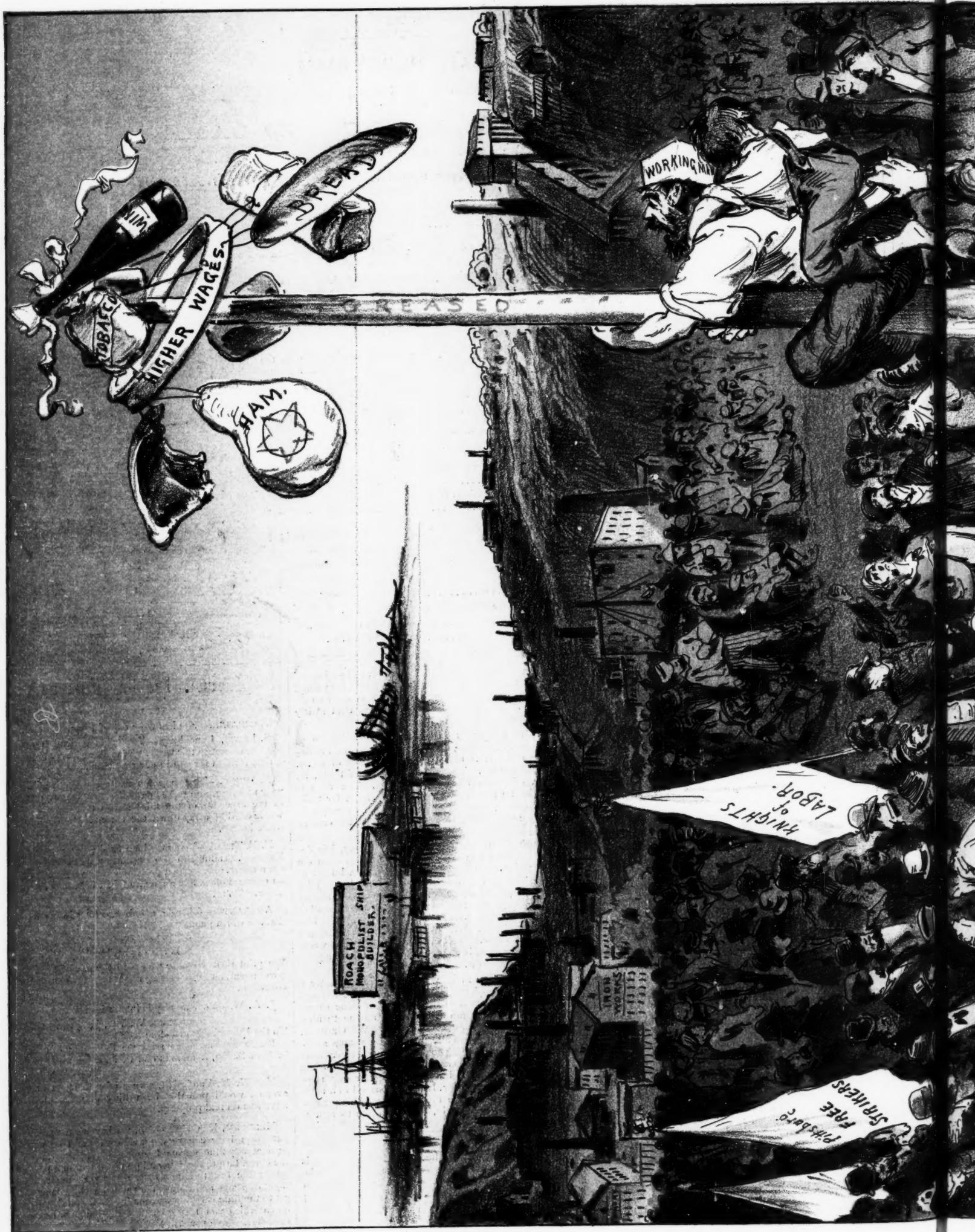
To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please favor me as to send me the name of a Pawnbroker's Schop, if there is one in New York at present.

J. A. WAGNER.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, corner of 57th street and 5th avenue, would probably be willing to make moderate advances on real property.

MELDRUM, Kankakee.—No, we haven't a puzzle department; but we have a puzzle editor, and he may be seen at any time during business-hours. As you enter the office, turn to the left and go down the long passage, taking the first turning to the right; then descend one flight of stairs and follow the vaulted archway until you get to the little corridor terminating in a spiral staircase, down which you may go to the third deputy basement subcellar, where you will find the puzzle editor's office in the extreme southwestern corner. The puzzle is how to get out again.





FIRST ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE "KNIGHTS OF LABOR"—MORE FUN FOR THE SPECTATORS THAN FOR THE PERFORMERS.

A GREAT GAME.

Stock-brokers and operators have been complaining, for some time past, of the difficulty of making any money in Wall Street.

Even the "lambs" are left unslaughtered, for the great lights of the street are not bothering their heads about them.

Why should this dullness exist, when gambling dens on a smaller scale are flourishing? The reason is very simple.

Some of our greatest capitalists have been following the prevalent fashion and playing draw poker for their properties, and until proper settlements are made, the present discouraging condition of things will remain.

The facts regarding these unprecedented losses and gains in the game have been obtained with considerable difficulty, and they are at once entertaining and startling.

Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, Mr. Cyrus Field and Mr. Astor were sitting one day in the Westbrook-Gould part of the Supreme Court, which is situated in the Western Union Building, after the business of the day was over, when Mr. Gould said:

"Let us have a little game of 'draw.'"

"I have no objection!" exclaimed Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Nor I," added Mr. Astor.

"Nor I," echoed Mr. Field.

The cards were obtained, and Mr. Jay Gould dealt the hands. There was a million of dollars in the pot to begin with.

Mr. Gould "stood" on his hand. Mr. Astor drew one card, Mr. Vanderbilt two. Mr. Field "passed," although it was generally understood that he was in partnership with Mr. Gould.

Then the betting went on. Mr. Vanderbilt raised it the full amount of his New York Central stock. Mr. Gould saw Mr. Vanderbilt's New York Central, and went him all his Wabash and Missouri Pacific better. Mr. Astor saw all these, and put up his Thirty-fourth Street property and the Astor House. Then Mr. Vanderbilt went better with his Michigan Central, Lake Shore and North-West stock. Mr. Gould accepted the challenge with his solid blocks of Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and Texas Pacific. Mr. Astor's response to this was all his Broadway real estate. Not to be outdone, Mr. Gould threw in the pot his Irvington property and his controlling interest in Western Union. His new house on Fifth Avenue, with all the pictures and furniture, was Mr. Vanderbilt's rejoinder.

Then Mr. Gould called Mr. Vanderbilt, and the hands were exhibited.

Mr. Gould held a "straight flush"; Mr. Astor, four aces; and Mr. Vanderbilt, a "king full." Mr. Jay Gould was the winner, and thus Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Astor have been reduced to beggary.

The question of settlement now only remains; and until this is made of course there can be no brisk business in Wall Street. Even then there is little prospect for many years to come of a change; for, as the whole country and everything in it practically belongs to Mr. Gould, there can be no inducement to speculation.

Mr. Gould has in the kindest and most charitable manner offered Mr. Vanderbilt the position of conductor on the New York Central Railroad; and he has promised Mr. Astor the post of janitor in a down-town building as soon as a vacancy occurs, as these unfortunate gentlemen must find some way of getting a living.

We have frequently expressed our opinion of the demoralizing character of the game of poker, and there could not be a better example of its evil effects than the painful incident we have just related.

Here are two of our most honored capitalists brought to the lowest depths of poverty and degradation by their gambling propensities.

We have heard it rumored that Mr. Cyrus Field has challenged Mr. Jay Gould to a game at baccarat, Mr. Field to stake his mutilated statue of Major André against the whole of Mr. Gould's property.

AMONG THE CHARGES for which Chief Clerk Norman D. Sampson was dismissed from the Custom House were the following:

Intent to commit the crime of bigamy.
Self-confessed felony of having killed a man.
Sending threatening letters to the father of a young woman.
Petit larceny.
Borrowing money from Custom House officers.
Making known cost-prices, discounts and contents of invoices.
Using his official position to get information from abroad for the benefit of importers.
Being a confessed habitual liar.
Passing dutiable goods as free.

This is a terrible catalogue of crime. Yet, he never wrote a Spring poem or played upon the violin or cornet.

A LITTLE FELLOW frolicful
Went and ate a mango;
Then he danced a colicful
Spirited fandango.

ADS. OF THE DAY.

Being Advertisements Such as We May Soon See in the Daily Papers, if the Present High Prices of Provisions are Kept Up.

A BEAUTIFUL WIDOW TWENTY-SIX YEARS of age, gentle disposition, poetic temperament, dark hair and eyes, desires to make the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman of means who will assist her in purchasing a barrel of new potatoes. Address "Lulu," Box 4, 11, 44.

A GENTLEMAN OWNING A HALF-INTEREST in a large potato will sell out on reasonable terms. "Liberal," Box 3, 349.

A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN MUCH abroad, and who has a thorough knowledge of book-keeping and six languages, desires a position in some importing house, where he will act as accountant, correspondent and errand boy, for his meals. Address "Hollow, Hollow, Hollow," Box 234.

A NEEDY WIDOWER, WITH FIVE SMALL children to support, would like to meet some charitable person who will take his note-of-hand without endorsement, in payment for an egg. Address Box 273.

A NEWSDEALER ABOUT TO RETIRE FROM business has a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS, almost new, which he would like to exchange for a case of Roederer. Address, for two weeks, "Literary," Box 742.

A SMALL BOY WHO LIVES WITH HIS PARENTS, and who is just out of school, would be willing to commence at anything. Salary not so much an object as a pie a week. Address "J. B. R.," Lock Box 745.

FOR ADOPTION.—HALF A HAM. ADDRESS for 3 days Box 2, 744.

LOST, BETWEEN THE BATTERY AND YORKVILLE, on Tuesday last, a turnip. A liberal reward will be paid, and no questions asked, for its return to "Destitute Millionaire," Fifth Avenue.

PARTIES DESIRING TO JOIN A GENTEEL club organized for the purpose of purchasing a shoulder of mutton may apply to "Shabby Genteel," Box 2, 001.

WANTED.—A GENTLEMAN DESIRES TO find a partner with capital, to assist him in the purchase of a beef-steak. One who owns a frying-pan and a piece of pork preferred. Address "X. Y. Z.," Box 239.

WILL THE CHARMING BLONDE, WITH blue eyes, who recognized gentleman in Fulton Ferry stage yesterday kindly communicate with "Admirer," Box 447, informing him whether she is willing to sell the 2½ lbs. of veal cutlets which she purchased in Fulton Market? Will offer brown-stone house and lot on Madison Ave.

A KOLD DAY FOR THE KHEDIVE.



HOW AN ACCUMULATION OF PRESSURE IS BROUGHT TO BEAR ON AN UNFORTUNATE RULER.

HE WAS PATRIOTIC.

"Is this the place you advertise in the papers as an A1 spot to spend the Summer months?" inquired an old man of a woman who was standing at the gate of a Staten Island cottage the other day.

"Yes, sir, this is the place. Won't you step in and take a look at the establishment?"

"Well, I guess I will. I have made up my mind to leave the city this Summer, and get out among the flowers and fresh breezes."

"This place is first-class," replied the woman, at the prospect of getting a guest for the Summer.

"Any mosquitos? I understand they are two sizes larger than usual this year."

"That's a mistake," replied the woman: "there are very few mosquitos here; all we have are half a mile from here, in the swamp."

"Well, how are you on malaria?"

"What's that?"

"A sort of pleasant disease that shakes you—that is, it refuses to shake you."

"Never heard of it."

"How many meals per day?" the old man inquired.

"Three. Breakfast at 7, so that you can get the 7:30 boat and be in town by 8. Luncheon from 12 till 2, and dinner from 6 to 8."

"Do you fry steaks?"

"No, sir; always broil them."

"Vegetables all raised on the farm?"

"Every one of them."

"You're sure you don't buy them in Washington Market, and have them sent down on the boat?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Well, I just wanted to know, that's all. Now give me some idea of the excitement you have around the place."

"Well," she began, counting on her fingers: "we have croquet and lawn-tennis."

"Is that all?"

"No; in the evening the guests gather in the parlor and debate, and ask conundrums, and sing Moody and Sankey—"

"That's all right; now, is there any amateur brass band that practises around here?"

"No, sir."

"Then I think the place must be all right. I have had great trouble in finding quarters to suit me in the past—so much so that I almost wholly abandoned the idea of leaving the city at all. Do you have pie for breakfast?"

"Oh, yes—all home-made, too: apple, plum, cocoanut—"

"Hold, woman!" broke in the old man, passionately: "tell me not in mournful numbers that you have pie for breakfast. I cannot remain unmoved in the presence of auroral pie. Can and will you serve my breakfast on the piazza, where the cool sea waves may fan my snowy brow, and bear the aroma of all pie out to yon pasture, where the horse-fly is rude to the brindled bull?"

"You may have your breakfast there, sir, without extra charge."

"All right; now for your terms."

"Twelve dollars per week."

"Cheap!" he exclaimed, bringing his foot down on the ground pretty hard: "cheap! I'll come right away and spend the Summer. All day will I watch the fleecy clouds as I read beneath yon gnarled tree, beneath which G. Washington tied his horse."

"But he never tied his horse to that tree."

"Did he never sleep all night in this old house, either?"

"Never."

"Well, that lets me out. I cannot condescend to grace with my presence any rural resort that is not a Washington's Headquarters of some kind or description. Madam, I am patriotic from my head down to the earth, but I'll

none of your Wood Dove's Nest. I would rather go into the wilds of New Jersey, and put up at an imitation Washington's Headquarters. They have lots of them there, and in any one of them I could be happy and content, even if the mosquitos were as large as shrimps. I'm a patriot, I am. Adieu!"

NATIONAL PRIDE.



HERR MOSES MORGENGLICHT.—Say, Abendroth, didn't you see how dem Roosbian Shoos got away mit dose bolicemans in Gastle Carden? Don't dot vas gourage, nicht wahr?

HERR AARON ABENDROTH.—Und don't dot Moses been some kindt of a man, anyhow, uf he avay mit all de rest of dem Sheenies in dot Wilderness got, un' mitout no New Yorek bolicemans, neider?

BUTTER.

When bread goes down and wit goes round,
And every palate 's in a flutter,
The gastric Muse is surely bound
To sing the praise of golden butter.

Not only in the Winter morn,
When buckwheat pancakes smoke and splutter;

Nor on Autumnal ears of corn
That bathe themselves in golden butter:

But, slipping on through History's page,
Where other unctions clog and clutter,
And dripping down from age to age
Behold the strains of golden butter.

When Jason left the shores of Greece,
Commander of the Argo cutter,
He went to find the famous fleece
That Phrixus took from golden butter

When miners gathered at the dam,
Above the mill of John A. Sutter,
He found his old hydraulic ram
Transformed into a golden butter.

And at our great Centennial rout
A Western woman deftly cut her
Clear way to fame, by carving out
A lovely girl in golden butter.

* * *
In days of rain or days of drouth,
With flowing style or futile stutter.
While melts it not within our mouth,
We'll sing the praise of golden butter.

—Rossiter Johnson.

TWAIN ON BEECHER.—Mr. Beecher raises some of finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for \$1.50, and feeds him forty dollars worth

of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes \$7.50 on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn. And anyway it turns out he has the excitement of raising the hog, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips; but they won't, and hence the difficulty.—Mark Twain.

ACCORDING to astronomers, the moon is undergoing a great internal convulsion, and threatens to turn around and show us a new face. In this respect the moon resembles the Republican party of Pennsylvania, which is now undergoing a great convulsion, and threatens to turn around and show us a new face. And if the programme is carried out, the new face will be Democratic. If the moon behaves itself and sticks together, the people will be satisfied with its old face. And that's what's the matter with the Republican party.—Norristown Herald.

A LADY whose husband was the champion snorer of the community in which they resided, confided to a female friend the following painful intelligence:

"My life has not been one of unalloyed delight. I have had the measles, the chicken-pox, the cholera, the typhoid fever and inflammatory rheumatism, but I never knew what real misfortune was until I married a burglar alarm."—Brooklyn Eagle.

BABY'S APPEAL.

"What makes I cry and folks say Ize naughty?"
Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouffy;
Cause, too, can't sleep, and worms bite ze belly
"Fever" za say, feel like I was jelly.
Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria,
When mamas gone, and don't have CASTORIA.
"You're right, they fairly yell," There Uncle Cy
Cousin Frank have CASTORIA, he don't cry.

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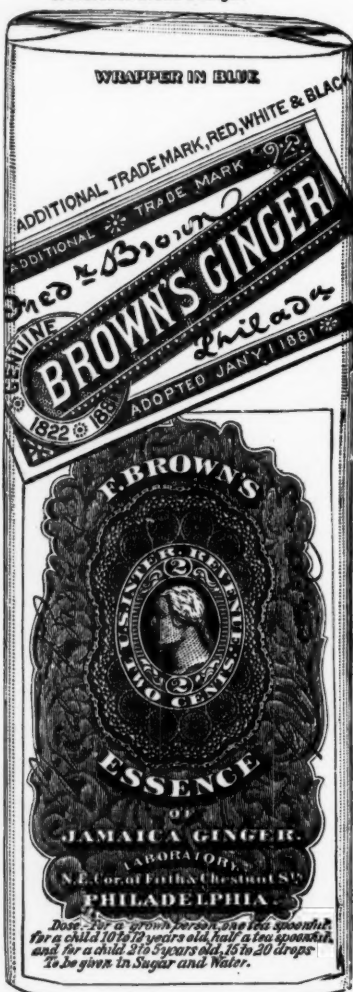
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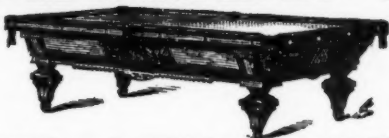
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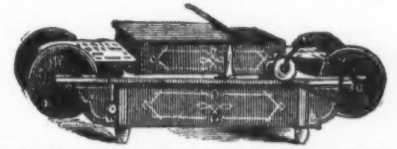
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"On what does your father travel when he goes from here to Houston?"

"On a free pass."—*Texas Siftings.*

A SUTLER has applied for a pension, on account of injuries received during the late war. Probably he strained himself in a charge. Many of them were dangerously exposed in that way when lean cheese cost \$1.75 a pound, live weight.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MRS. BROOKS, of Indianola, Ia., sold her husband's overalls to a rag-man the other day, and fortunately the rag-man was found in time to recover \$100, which had been put in the cast-off garment. Even a rag-man has hard luck sometimes.—*Boston Post.*

THE Czar has ordered the administration journals to republish the articles of the London papers on the "Lessons of Assassination in Russia," with merely a judicious change of names and localities. It makes fat copy for the Russian edivistoriodovskirs.—*Hawkeye.*

ARABI BEY assures the foreign residents of Cairo that they need not fear Egyptian soldiers. If the foreign residents are only willing to take clubs and sit up with their henns such assurance is needless.—*Boston Post.*

THE Canada papers state that the Princess Louise speaks French fluently. This is bad for Lorne. She is able to scold him roundly in a language the servants won't understand.—*Phil. Kronikle-Herald.*

Better than putting one Dollar out at compound interest, is the sending it to Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md., for two boxes of his Celery and Chamomile Pills, which cure nervous disease, quiet the mind, bring on refreshing sleep and prevent paralysis.

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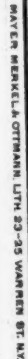
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